

## A PORTRAIT.

1. The laughing Hours before her feet,  
Are strewing vernal roses,  
And the voices in her soul are sweet,  
As music's mellowed closes,  
All hopes and passions heavenly-born,  
In her have met together,  
And joy diffuses round her morn  
A mist of golden weather.
2. As o'er her cheek of delicate dyes  
The blooms of childhood hover,  
So do the tranced and sinless eyes  
All childhood's heart discover,  
Full of a dreamy happiness,  
With rainbow fancies laden,  
Whose arch of promise glows to bless  
Her Spirit's beauteous Adenn.
3. She is a being born to raise  
Those undefiled emotions,  
That link us with our sunniest days  
And most sincere devotions ;  
In her we see renewed, and bright,  
That phase of earthly story,  
Which glimmers in the morning light  
Of God's exceeding glory.
4. Why, in a life of mortal cares,  
Appear these heavenly faces,  
Why on the verge of darkened years,  
These amaranthine graces ?  
'Tis but to cheer the soul that faints,  
With pure and blest evangels,  
To prove if heaven is rich with saints,  
That earth may have her angels.